

THE OLD SILVER TRAIL.

BY MARY E. STICKNEY.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

So long as the Mascot mine had been as a raveling monster crying: "Give, give!" its discoverer had been permitted to do with it as he would. He might cast into the mine's insatiable maw his money, his hopes, his very life, and there was no man to claim the right to share the venture, none to meddle with the method of his immolation. So long as Windy Gulch had been unaccounted one of the dearest camps in all Colorado, its peace had been undisturbed; but now that an era of prosperity had dawned, a walking delegate appeared to organize a branch of the Miners' union, and Harvey Neil was first of all waited upon by the committee deputed to request that thenceforth the mine-owners would employ none but union men, while certain details as to wages and hours of work were peremptorily insisted upon. The majority of the mine-owners, believing discretion the better part of valor, conceded the demands after brief parley; but Neil, with a spirit ill equipped to brook undue interference in what he considered his private business, sent the deputation to the right-about with such stinging speech that the union was roused to immediate retaliation, and for the first time in all its history Windy Gulch was treated to the spectacle of a strike that boded no good to any man.

It was a time of general business depression, and hundreds of needy workmen were eager to take the places vacated by the strikers; but the unhappy "scabs" came but to suffer martyrdom. Threats and exhortations pursued them through the streets of the camp; and some who were caught out after dark were so mishandled that they were glad to cry enough and escape to the minor evils of wagelessness and want. Neil, so far from being brought to terms by such methods, grew but the more obstinately entrenched in his position with contemplation of such new outrage. Such non-union men as had stood by him he would protect by every means in his power, upholding their rights as well as his own, come what would. He would listen to no talk of compromise; not one iota would he yield, although a sympathetic strike had now been ordered, and every mine in the camp that depended upon hired labor stood still for his determination. Deep shafts filled with water, and costly machinery rusted in idleness; and Windy Gulch, but the other day as law-abiding and sleepily plodding as any New England village, was now alive with a throng of boozing idlers, nursing bitterness against the mine-owners, and especially casting curses upon the name of Harvey Neil, whose plutocratic indifference to the rights of labor was held to be the cause of all the trouble. Appeals for protection were made to the authorities in vain, until at length, the strikers' souls inflamed to frenzy by non-success and want, that coward's ally dynamite was invoked to bring to terms the Mascot mine, while had not Harvey Neil been summarily hustled out of sight by frightened friends, the chances seemed that even murder might have been added to the horrors of that night. The county authorities were now aroused to take summary action, and peace was after a time restored. But capital which might have been tempted had been frightened back from a field which lawlessness could so dominate; Windy Gulch, poorer by far than it had ever been before, had ceased to dream of any boom; while Neil, all the costly improvements upon his property destroyed, with no possibility of redress, found himself practically at the foot of the ladder once more. More disheartened than he had ever been, the young man, who now felt old, borrowed money to get his mine in working shape once more; and when that was done he betook himself to the east for the rest and change he so sorely needed after the long strain that had been upon him.

And now up by the old trail the Grubstake mine was presently riving with the Mascot in outward showing of prosperity. Buildings went up and development work proceeded at such a rate as only unlimited command of capital could bring to pass, while all the camp wondered. The Grubstake had been located years before by a couple of credulous youths who were directed in their operations altogether by the pretended revelations of a so-called professor of spiritualism in Denver. Although they had carried their tunnel some sixty feet into the mountainside before they lost faith in their oracle and sold out to the colonel for a song, no mineral had been discovered, while the camp was generally of the opinion that none ever would be, until the new owner's operations stirred doubts as to the soundness of that judgment. Some there were to opine that the colonel might be preparing new bait for one of the English syndicates of the type that no often had been his gudgeon; others, who thought themselves equally well informed as to the great promoter's peculiar methods, argued that his fondness for money probably plotting mischief which would presently be apparent in the ground where the two claims crossed, prophesying that Neil would be forced for his own peace eventually to purchase the Grubstake at its owner's own figure; while others still, more full of charity toward a gentleman who, so far as reputation went, seemed generally in the position of the under dog, contended that the work upon the property meant only that there was mineral to be uncovered there, since, whatever his faults, there was no man who could see farther through a stone than Col. Randolph Meredith. And these last could take umbrage to their souls when one day the ore wagons began coming down from the Grubstake side of the hill on their way to the Orodelphia smelter, while rumor said that a strike had been made surpassing even the Mascot's richness.

Harvey Neil was still cast when this occurred, and the honest gentleman in charge of the mine, who could wield a six-pound "jack" as though it had been but the plating of a child, but whose very soul sickened before the labor of a pen, being moreover of simple and unassuming turn of mind, little given to plotting a wedding some beyond the legitimate limits of his own domain, saw small reason to dissent upon a neighbor's good fortune beyond heart-

ment of the strike. Several months had therefore gone before Neil, who had been detained beyond his first plan by an illness of his mother, returned to find out what had been going on over the hill. Then it was observed that he looked troubled and anxious, and the camp somehow became aware that he had visited the Orodelphia smelter to obtain samples of the ore which the Grubstake was shipping in such prodigious quantities, while it was said that he held many consultations with his lawyer. It became known after a little that he had asked permission to go through the workings of the Grubstake and had been refused, the mine, according to Col. Meredith's invariable practice with all his properties, it was stated, being rigidly closed to all visitors. Later the camp laughed appreciatively over the story that went round of how Neil had outwitted his astute neighbor by sending an emissary disguised as a workman to spy out what the Grubstake levels might disclose; and after that nobody was surprised when it became known that suit had been brought for \$50,000 damages and an accounting for ore abstracted from the Mascot mine through the overreaching workings of the Grubstake; while pending the decision of the court the alleged intruder was summarily enjoined from further removal of any ore from that portion of the ground embraced in the crossing of the two claims. And the knowing ones had hardly time to demonstrate how clearly all this chimed in with their oft-repeated prophecies, when they were given further opportunity to prove how keen had been their prescience by the filing of a cross-bill on the part of Col. Meredith, followed by a counter injunction restraining Neil himself from further meddling with the territory in dispute until time should be given to prove before the courts that there was but one true vein in evidence, and that a direct continuation of the Grubstake.

CHAPTER II.

Dorothy Meredith rode slowly along the sandy shore of Gem lake, her enjoyment of the scene subtly enhanced by the suggestion of forbidden fruit more distinctly in evidence with every moment of dallying. Before her mind's eye she could plainly see her father fuming with impatience as he looked for her out of the shaft-house door at the Grubstake mine, where it had been arranged that she was to meet him at this hour of four in the afternoon; but, while the troublesome vision appeared to her sense of duty on the one hand, on the other it but filled her with perverse longing to loiter.

In all Colorado she was sure no scene could be found more wildly beautiful than this tree-fringed water, like a bit of silver dropped down in the mountain's embrace, with the changing light of a rising storm falling upon every feature with strange transmuting touch. As with most happy folk, nature's somber mood was but a pleasant play upon her senses, a chord of sweet minor to thrill her with new delight, and her mind was simply a chaos of incoherent exclamation as her glance ranged from the gray swirling clouds to the water making kaleidoscopic play with the leaden tints; the guarding trees all shivering and whispering together as though in ominous prophecy of evil, the great hills looming up on every side, on whose steep slopes seemed ranged the ghosts of all the trees that had ever died, so unreal they looked in the winding sheets of mist that more and more with every moment disguised their fair outlines. But a moment ago the range had towered in majesty at the west, three of its mighty, snow-crowned peaks looking down over the growing bulwark of cloud like a gathering of kings watching in eternal calm the petty conflicts of earth; but now they were as lost to the eye in the all-enveloping grayness as though they had never been. It was a scene full of weird desolation, instinct with weird and woe. So far as the eye could see was no sign of habitation, nothing that bore the touch of human hands besides the small grouping of grass-grown road curving around at one side of the tiny lake. It seemed a fair dream-world of gray and silver, where nature mourned alone, refusing to be comforted.

But, though in the vested independence of American girlhood she might be oblivious to the claims of an irate father, she could not long remain deaf to such warnings as the winds were now shrieking through the trees. She was not yet ready to admit that she had been unwise to linger so long; but as she turned her horse back to the road she was forced to reflect that, with more than three miles lying between her and the shelter of the Grubstake shaft-house, she was bound to have a hard ride to escape a wetting. A skilled and fearless rider, however, it was but a new pleasure to give the horse his head, settling herself in the saddle for a break-neck race with the storm; but just at the foot of the first hill she suddenly drew rein, while her gaze was half-oblivion track turning off at the left, the Old Silver trail.

Ten years before, just at the last of the Silver City excitement, her father had brought her mother and herself to stay for a month or so at Windy Gulch, and then, with a child's fondness for gadding, she had learned the topography of all the region round. She remembered perfectly the line of the old road, which now passed directly by the Mascot mine and within a stone's throw of the Grubstake—her glance as it wandered up the newer way, which now took the point of intersection. By taking this short cut she could save a mile or more, while with such gain in time she ought besides to be able somewhat to mollify her father's wrath by presenting herself in dry clothing. So far as she knew the way beyond the Mascot mine was never used, and with its originally flimsy construction and the awful grades which had brought it into disfavor the chances were that it would be in the worst possible condition for safe travel; but Miss Meredith was not accustomed to question her ability to go wherever horse might carry her, while the wiry little broncho she rode was blessed with a cat-like capacity for climbing at any angle and over any sort of ground which seems the easiest prerogative of the mountain-bred pony. Before she had given as much time to the argument as it has taken to tell it, she had turned the horse and was flying along the old road.

There was a pleasure in recognizing familiar features of the landscape as she swiftly passed them by. This narrow interval, hedged in by almost parallel lines of foot-hills, she remembered so well, although in the old springtime the ground had been almost carpeted with great purple anemones, while now it was masses of yellow bloom which the wind was bending down to earth; but the grove of quaking aspens into which she presently rode looked new and strange; obviously they had sprung up since her time. And they had grown up in such amazing number; there were myriads of them, all in a frou-frou flutter, their delicate wrappings turned silvery side up, as though in futile effort to cover their white limbs from the storm's rude touch. The girl felt suddenly lost as the way closed in among them; and she would have hastened to get out into the open once more, but their branches so swept across the way that she had continually to take care lest she were caught with stinging blows from them. Plainly nature had been left to work her own will with the old trail. There were marks of wheels—wood-teams, the girl inferred, from the deep ruts worn here and there; but when the way twisted down to the bottom of a deep coulee and up a wilderness of rocks and pine trees on the other side, it seemed a marvel that any wagon could follow.

On and on she went, scarce heeding the landscape now, except to watch for the longed-for juncture of the two roads. The roar of thunder had begun resounding through the mountains, as though voicing the wrath of Jove, while with the sound a nervous terror insidiously grew upon the girl. Utterly fearless in most situations, full of a thoughtless daring due in a measure to an inability properly to measure danger, and yet she always quailed before a thunder-storm; and never had the dread sounds seemed so awful in her ears as now in the weird loneliness of the place into which she had thoughtlessly ventured. She seemed an insignificant atom cast adrift in a world given over to destruction. Mercurial in her temperament, a despairing conviction suddenly fastened upon her that she had somehow missed the way she sought. To go back and take the regular road involved a ride before which, with her nervous disrelish of the now almost incessant thunder, her soul turned sick; though to go on appeared such a questionable adventure that she stopped short on the brow of a short, steep hill, considering the other side in a misery of uncertainty. But even as she looked fate came to her relief revealing the figure of a man on horseback passing between the trees, just over the brow of the next hill. He was riding from her; and on the instant she was urging her horse down the precipitous coulee, determined to overtake him and ask direction as to her way.

But at the bottom of the deep cut ran a small stream across which was thrown a rude bridge of poles; and as the horse, in the impetus of the mad dash down the steep embankment, plunged heavily upon this flimsy structure, a length of rotten wood snapped like a pipe-stem, one of the animal's fore-legs going down with such force as must inevitably have thrown the rider had she not been swift to see the danger and jump to save herself. As it was, in the sudden, unconsidered movement, her skirt caught on the saddle-horn and she half fell, her weight coming upon her outstretched hands in such fashion as severely wrenched one wrist. Hurriedly struggling to her feet, it was with a mixture of discomfiture and relief that she perceived the stranger riding toward her as fast as horse might carry him. It was annoying to be discovered in such undignified pose, even by such simple ranchman as she imagined the rider to be; but there was scarcely time for the capacious thought in the imperative need of help.

"Miss Meredith—are you hurt?" he breathlessly exclaimed, as he threw himself from the saddle beside her, so much of genuine concern in voice and manner that the girl felt unconsciously strengthened and comforted. It did not until afterward occur to her as strange that he should call her by name. So far as she noticed it at all, it had only a soothing sound of friendliness.

"No; but the horse—oh, it is terrible! His leg will be broken," she cried, helplessly clasping her hands as she watched the animal floundering painfully in the ugly trap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Winding Way.

Once when the Pensacola was coming up to San Francisco from the South seas somewhere off Honolulu she met a gale that almost laid her down. Carpenter McGloin, a privileged character, who invariably became seasick in heavy weather, promptly went to bed. Finally it was reported to the captain that something was wrong with the foretopmast. The captain sent for McGloin and the carpenter staggered on deck. "Get up there," commanded the captain, "and see what's the matter at the foretop." "Up that mast?" gasped McGloin. The proposition so dazed him that he lost his breath. "Up that mast," reiterated the captain, "and find out what's the matter at the foretop." "Captain," said McGloin, in a last despairing protest, "do you really mean that you want me to go up that mast in this storm, with the ship going this way, and see what's wrong with that foretop?"

"You heard what I said," said the captain, losing patience at last; "now get up that mast, and be quick about it, too." "Captain," said McGloin, solemnly, "if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn I'd walk home."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

Truly Wonderful.

A prayer which was none the less the sincere expression of fervent gratitude from the fact of its amusing and very definite and needless allusions to the fact of its being a prayer, was made by a New Hampshire delegate at a missionary convention some years ago. After offering thanks for the Lord's provision of His servants to labor with strength and earnestness of purpose in foreign lands, giving up the ties of home and all other interests in their devotion to the cause, he concluded his prayer thus: "And we thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy wonderful power over this world in which we live, for although Thy hand is made the strange and caused it to revolve in a strange manner, and with great velocity, and although our missionaries are scattered all over the globe, still, so marvelously hast Thou balanced the centrifugal and centrifugal forces that as yet not a single brother has been thrown from the surface into unending space."—Youth's Companion.

MR. GAGE'S SCHEME.

Currency Reform Views of the Secretary of the Treasury Set Forth.

Extension of National Banking System to Smaller Towns Recommended—He Would Establish a Note-Issuing Department of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The annual report of the secretary of the treasury sent to congress to-day shows that the total receipts for the year ended June 30, 1897, were \$430,378,107, and expenditures \$448,430,622, leaving a deficit of \$18,052,454. The receipts of the year, however, exceeded those for the year 1896 by \$20,011,730. The customs, it is shown, yielded \$170,554,126, and internal revenue sources, \$140,685,574. As compared with 1896 this is an increase in the customs of \$16,533,374, and internal revenue \$4,342,731. The secretary, at some length argues the need of a reform in the currency, and in conclusion recommends the enactment of legislation establishing a de-



LYMAN J. GAGE, (Secretary of the Treasury.)

partment of the treasury to be designated as the issue and redemption division in which is to be deposited \$125,000,000 in gold to be used only for redemption purposes, and all silver now held in the treasury for redemption purposes and also all silver bought under the act of 1890. It is also recommended that provision be made for the issue of refunding loan ten year 2½ per cent. bonds payable in gold, in exchange for any part or all of the outstanding loans of the United States.

The secretary recommends that national banks be authorized with a minimum capital of \$25,000 in places having a population of 2,000 or less, and that the rate of taxation on circulating notes secured by deposit of bonds be reduced to one-half of one per cent. per annum; also that banks be permitted to issue circulating notes to par value of refunding bonds deposited by them in the treasury, and further, that banks be allowed to deposit as security with the treasury greenbacks, treasury notes, or silver certificates to a total amount of \$200,000, against which national bank notes shall be issued to them to an equal amount. He also recommends that the guaranty of the government shall be extended to all circulating notes of the banks, whether issued against deposited securities or against assets. To secure the government any loss, if any, a tax of two per cent. shall be levied on unsecured circulation to create a safety fund to be invested by the comptroller in United States bonds.

MONEY FOR THE WEST.

Estimates for Appropriations by the Government Include Several Important Items.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The book of estimates for appropriations as completed by the appropriations committee includes the following items: For support of the soldiers' home at Leavenworth, \$340,700; salaries for Oklahoma officers, governor, \$2,600; chief justice and four associate justices, \$110,400; contingent expenses, \$600; legislative expenses, \$25,000; for support of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, \$90,000; for support of the Apaches, Kiowas and Wichitas, \$10,000; for support of the Kansas Indians, \$60,000; for support of the Indian school at Chillicothe, Okla., \$60,000; at Lawrence, Kan., \$40,000. For the revenue district of Kansas, \$10,000; for the two revenue districts of Missouri, \$61,000; for the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, \$60,000; improving the Missouri river from its mouth to Sioux City, \$340,000; powder depot at St. Louis, \$12,537; improving the Osage river, \$100,000; improving the Gasconade river, \$15,000.

GOV. ATKINSON VEToes IT.

Lovers of Football in Georgia Have a Friend in the Chief Executive.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 8.—Gov. Atkinson has vetoed the anti-football bill. He sent a message to the house stating that he had vetoed the measure, as he thought the question of whether college boys should play football should be left with the faculties of the various institutions. It is possible an effort will be made to pass the bill over the governor's veto, but it is not at all likely such an effort would succeed.

His Conscience Haunts Him. VINCEENNA, Ind., Dec. 8.—Rev. J. L. Keith, of this place, has refused to longer receive a pension from the United States government and has made full restitution of all the pension money received by him from the government, amounting to about \$500. In returning the money to the government he says the pension allowed him was not well based.

True His Mother-in-Law. LANSING, Mich., Dec. 8.—Prof. W. F. Zimmerman, until recently director of St. Paul's vestry choir, and one of the best known musicians in the state, has commenced suit against his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Whitney, whom he charges with alienating his wife's affections. He asks for \$50,000 damages.

Gilbert Again Defeats Kilgus. CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, was unsuccessful yesterday in his efforts to regain possession of the Star cap. He bowed in defeat before Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., by a score of 97 to 87.

Another "Crash" Has Passed. PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, Dec. 8.—The trouble between Gergany and Hayti appears to be settled. The Haytian government has saluted the German flag, and the foreigners who had sought refuge on board ships in the harbor have returned to their homes.

He Was Out of Work. KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 8.—Gus Ray, a young baker of 1714 Charlotte street, shot himself through the heart this morning. Death was instantaneous. Want of work was the cause of the suicide. He had been out of work three weeks.

A FRIEND OF HIS.

Close Acquaintances of Which He Spoke in Dreams.

"John," said Mrs. Eastlake to her husband, as she poured out his coffee at the breakfast table, "I think you have never introduced your friend Mr. High to me, have you?"

"I have no friend named High," replied Mr. Eastlake, as he devoured buttered toast.

"Oh, but you must have, dear," insisted Mrs. Eastlake. "You are familiar enough with him to call him Jack."

"Jack High? Don't know anybody of that name. You never heard me mention his name, did you?"

"Certainly. That is the reason I asked you about him."

"When did I speak of him?"

"I think you must have met him last night," Mrs. Eastlake went on, "though, of course, if you had met him then you would have remembered it without any trouble. I only know that after you went to bed—you got home about two o'clock, John—you fell into a troubled sleep. You muttered a good deal, but I could not distinguish anything very clearly except the name of Mr. High—Jack High, you called him. Once I thought I heard you mention a woman's name—Kitty—but I'm not sure."

Mrs. Eastlake looked narrowly at her husband as she said this, and he looked at her suspiciously, and then said:

"Oh, yes, I believe a man named Jack High did drop in to see the sick friend I was sitting up with, but you could scarcely call him a friend of mine on such short acquaintance."

"Of course, not. But who was Kitty?"

"There was no one named Kitty. You must have been mistaken. I don't know anybody of that name—absolutely nobody."

Then Mr. Eastlake put his coat on and left the house, after kissing his thoughtful little wife good-by.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHAMPION SUGAR EATERS.

Last Year This Country Consumed 1,600,000 Tons.

Although the production of beet sugar in the United States has never fulfilled the high hopes Claus Spreckels once had of that industry, yet the statistics issued by the department of agriculture show that it is by no means to be despised. The increase in production, if nothing else, commands attention. In 1895-96 the United States produced 30,000 tons of beet root sugar, and in 1896-97 it produced 40,000 tons. If the beet root sugar of Europe were left out of the calculation the United States would be to-day the second sugar producing country of the world, and Java would be the first. Last year the United States produced 315,000 tons of sugar and Java 495,000 tons. Poor Cuba used to be the world's great source of supply for cane sugar. In 1894-95 Cuba produced 1,040,000 tons; last year she produced only 100,000 tons. So great is the production of the beet root sugar in Europe, however, that it has been able to supply without effort the remarkable deficiency in the world's sugar crop caused by the Cuban war. In 1896-97 no less than 4,000,000 tons of beet root sugar was produced in Europe, Germany alone producing 1,800,000 tons. Last year the people of the United States ate up no less than 1,600,000 tons of sugar. Americans have the sweetest tooth of any people in the world, except the English. The consumption of sugar in the United States averages 62.5 pounds per capita and in England 85 pounds. In Serbia there is the smallest consumption per capita, each person averaging only four pounds a year.—N. Y. Press.

WONDERFUL CAVE FOUND.

Pennsylvania Hunters Make a Discovery of Some Interest.

While on Laurel hill, near the Cambria (Pa.) county line, the other day, hunters made an interesting discovery and had an exciting experience.

While climbing the mountain Dick Costner, one of a large party, fell into the earth and disappeared while walking ten steps ahead of his companions. Investigation showed that he had fallen into a cave, and he was soon dragged out, bruised and bleeding. The party sent across the mountain for ropes and lanterns. Men were lowered into the cavern, which was found to be apparently bottomless. For 1,700 yards the exploring party followed the cave into the bowels of the earth, and finding no signs of a finish, returned to daylight. The cave will be further explored.

The exploring party found signs showing that the cave had at one time been inhabited, and it is thought to have been the home of the notorious band of robbers which half a century ago made life a terror for the stage coaches between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh on the state road. The cave is half a mile from the state pike.

THE GENERAL MARKET.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 8.
CATTLE—Best heaves.....\$ 4 00 @ 4 25 1/2
Stocks..... 3 00 @ 3 15
Native cows..... 1 75 @ 2 00
HOGS—Choice to heavy..... 2 00 @ 2 40
SHEEP..... 2 75 @ 3 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red..... 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
No. 2 hard..... 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed..... 23 1/2 @ 24
OATS—No. 2 mixed..... 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
RYE..... 45 @ 47 1/2
FLOUR—Patent, per barrel..... 4 00 @ 4 10
Fancy..... 4 10 @ 4 20
HAY—Choice timothy..... 18 00 @ 19
Fancy prairie..... 16 00 @ 17
BRAN (sacked)..... 12 00 @ 13
BUTTER—Choice creamery..... 18 00 @ 20
CHEESE—Full cream..... 10 00 @ 12 1/2
EGGS—Choice..... 17 1/2 @ 18 1/2
POTATOES..... 6 @ 8

ST. LOUIS.
CATTLE—Native and shipping.....\$ 3 50 @ 4 00
Texas..... 3 00 @ 3 25
HOGS—Heavy..... 2 00 @ 2 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice..... 1 50 @ 1 75
FLOUR—Choice..... 4 75 @ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red..... 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed..... 23 1/2 @ 24
OATS—No. 2 mixed..... 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
EYE—No. 2..... 45 @ 47 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery..... 18 00 @ 20
LARD—Western mess..... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
POKE..... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2

CHICAGO.
CATTLE—Common to prime.....\$ 3 00 @ 3 50
HOGS—Packing and shipping..... 2 00 @ 2 15
SHEEP—Fair to choice..... 1 50 @ 1 75
FLOUR—Winter wheat..... 4 75 @ 4 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red..... 80 1/2 @ 81 1/2
CORN—No. 2..... 23 1/2 @ 24
OATS—No. 2..... 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
EYE..... 45 @ 47 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery..... 18 00 @ 20
LARD..... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2
POKE..... 12 1/2 @ 13 1/2

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

Shake into your under shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It gives rest and comfort, prevents that smarting sensation, and keeps your feet from perspiring. Allen's Foot-Ease makes cold feet warm. After your feet perspire they usually feel cold at this season. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer to-day for a 25c box of Allen's Foot-Ease and use it at once. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Infantile Wisdom.

"Mamma, I dess you'll have to turn the hose on me."
"Why, dear?"
"Tause I dot my 'tackins on wrong side out."—Chicago Tribune.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called "GRAIN-O," made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

The number of things that men novelists and critics don't know about women is exceeded only by the number of things that they think they know.—N. Y. Independent.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

The worst thing about Sunday is getting one's belongings back into one's pockets on Monday morning.—Washington Democrat.

With cold Neuralgia increases. With St. Jacobs Oil it decreases and is cured.

Nothing takes as well as advice that comes with our views.—Washington Democrat.

Don't bend. Wait a little. St. Jacobs Oil will cure your lame back.

New Route to California.

A striking confirmation of the truth of the saying: "It is an ill-wind that blows no one good" is found in the new routing of the "Sunset Limited." Heretofore it has started from New Orleans westward. This season, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in some parts of the south, Chicago has been decided upon as the terminus, the route being over Chicago & Alton, Chicago to St. Louis; St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, St. Louis to Texas; Texas & Pacific, Texas to El Paso; Southern Pacific Company, El Paso to California destination. The train runs twice a week, leaving Chicago 1:30 p. m. every Tuesday and Saturday, and St. Louis 10:20 p. m. same days. Eastbound the same trains leave San Francisco 5:30 p. m. Mondays and Thursdays, and Los Angeles 10:30 a. m. Tuesdays and Fridays.

"Sunset Limited" is a magnificent train, completely vestibuled and running through solid, comprising a library and smoking car for gentlemen with barber shop and bathroom; a combination ladies' parlor and compartment car, with well-stocked library, and ladies' maid in attendance; two of the finest sleeping-cars, and a dining-car, in which perfect meals are perfectly served. The dining-car service is a carte-a-la-vue for what you order—and prices are reasonable. A trip across the continent in this train could not but be a delight at any time, but during the winter months there will be special satisfaction in the certainty of a semi-tropical climate, picturesque and novel scenery, fast time, and no snow blockades. And best of all, no extra fare is charged for transportation on "Sunset Limited," only the regular Pullman rates prevailing for sleeping-car accommodations.

A truly great man is one who can live in a very small town, and refuse to become small in his opinions.—Athenian Globe.

If he was a cripple from rheumatism, he isn't now. St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

An old man looks out of place in a brass band.—Washington Democrat.

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